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For the Hartford Herald. OUR FAITH. BY VIOLET.

As little children, we meekly trust
For something brighter, better yet,
And purer than the sordid dust
Wherein our earthly lives are set.
Something brighter just beyond
The gloomy circle of the night;
A purer day, more brilliant sun,
And perfect fullness of the light.
We know, and yet we cannot see,
That when our dreary sunlight dies,
Upon a fairer world than ours
In summer splendor it doth rise.
'Tis thus when life's pale sun shall dip
Beneath the awful rim of death,
Beyond the limits of the flesh,
The narrow spaces of the breath,
On heavenly worlds, serene and bright,
That eyes of flesh may never scan,
In cloudless beauty it shall rise,
And round into God's perfect plan.
Our every dim, imperfect joy,
In heaven shall be most good and fair;
Each timid hope that budded here,
Shall bloom in bright fruition there.
All the grand dreams that bless us here,
With something of the light of heaven,
Shall to us, on your bright shore,
In full reality be given.
Here earth hath bound our sordid lives,
To a few pale stars—a gleam of light—
A flowery landscape, stretching on
In beauty farther than the night—
A day of clouds, that leaves at night
Our souls still yearning for the sun—
And joys we garner but to lose,
And hopes we bury one by one.
But there the circle of our night
Shall widen to the boundless sky,
And sweep its myriads of stars,
Its height, its depth—infinity.
And there the heart, the soul, of man,
Untampered with its carnal sin,
The deep, infinite joys of heaven
Shall to their fullness gather in.
The beauty that we lose on earth,
The joys that perish in our arms,
Shall live through endless ages there,
And bloom with heaven's eternal charms.
TAYLORVILLE, KY., August, 1875.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty
Years After," "The Bragelonne,"
"The Man of the Cloth," "The Iron
Mask," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

On the 23th of August 1672, the city of
the Hague always so lively, so neat, and
so trim, that one might believe every day
to be Sunday; with its shady park, with
its tall trees, spreading over its Gothic
houses, with its canals like large mirrors,
in which its steeples and its almost
Eastern cupolas are reflected; the city of
the Hague, the capital of the Seven
United Provinces, was swelling in all its
arteries with a black and red stream of
hurried, panting, and restless citizens,
who, with their knives in their girdles,
muskets on their shoulders, or sticks in
their hands, were pushing on to the Bui-
tenhof, a terrible prison, the grated win-
dows of which are still shown, where, on
the charge of attempted murder, preferred
against him by the surgeon Tyckelaer,
Cornelius De Witte, the brother of the
Grand Pensionary of Holland was con-
fined.
If the history of that time, and especially
that of the year in the middle of
which our narrative commences, were not
indissolubly connected with the two
names just mentioned, a few explanatory
pages which we are about to add might
appear quite supererogatory; but we will,
from the very first apprise the reader—
our old friend, to whom we are wont on
the first page to promise amusement, and
with whom we always try to keep our
word as well as in our power—that this
explanation is as indispensable to the right
understanding of our story, as to that of
the great event itself on which it is based.
Cornelius De Witte, warden of the
dykes, ex-burgomaster of Dort, his native
town, and member of the Assembly of the
States of Holland, was forty-nine years of
age, when the Dutch people, tired of the
republic such as John De Witte, the Grand
Pensionary of Holland, understood it, at
once conceived a most violent affection for
the Stadtholderate, which had been abo-
lished forever in Holland, by the "Perpet-
ual Edict" forced by John De Witte, upon
the United Provinces.
As it rarely happens that public opin-
ion, in its whimsical flights, does not
identify a principle with a man, thus the
people saw the personification of the re-
public in the two stern figures of the
brothers De Witte, those Romans of Hol-
land, spurning to pander to the fancies of
the mob, and wedding themselves with un-
bending fidelity to liberty without licen-
tiousness, and prosperity without the
waste of superfluity, on the other hand,
the Stadtholderate recalled to the popular
mind, the grave thoughtful image of the
young Prince William of Orange.
The brothers De Witte honored Louis
XIV., whose moral influence was felt by
the whole of Europe, and the pressure of
whose material power Holland had been
made to feel in that marvellous campaign
on the Rhine which in the space of three
months, had laid the power of the United
Provinces prostrate.
Louis XIV. had long been the enemy

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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of the Dutch, who insulted or ridiculed
him to their hearts' content, although it
must be said, that they generally used
French refugees for the mouth-piece of their
spite. Their national pride held
him up as the Mithridates of the repub-
lic. The brothers De Witte, therefore,
had to strive against a double difficulty,
—against the force of national antipathy,
and, besides, against that feeling of weariness
which is natural to all vanquished
people, when they hope that a new chief
will be able to save them from ruin and
shame.

This new chief, quite ready to appear
on the political stage, and to measure him-
self against Louis XIV., however giantic
the fortunes of the Grand Monarch
loomed in the future, was William,
Prince of Orange, son of William II., and
grandson, by his mother Mary Stuart, of
Charles I. of England. We have men-
tioned him before as the person by whom
the people expected to see the office of
Stadtholder restored.

This young man was, in 1672, twenty-
two years of age. John De Witte, who
was his tutor, had brought him up with
the view of making him a good citizen.
Loving his country better than he did
his disciple, the master had, by the "Per-
petual Edict," extinguished the hope
which the young Prince might have en-
tertained of one day becoming Stadthol-
der. But God laughs at the presumption
of man, who wants to raise and prostrate
the powers on earth without consulting
the King above; and the fickleness and
caprice of the Dutch combined with the
terror inspired by Louis XIV., in repeal-
ing the "Perpetual Edict," and re-estab-
lishing the office of Stadtholder in favor
of William of Orange, for whom the hand
of Providence had traced out ulterior des-
tinies on the hidden map of the future.

The Grand Pensionary bowed before
the will of his fellow citizens; Cornelius
De Witte, however, was more obstinate,
and notwithstanding all the threats of
death from the Orangist rabble, who be-
lieged him in his house at Dort, he stoutly
refused to sign the act by which the
office of Stadtholder was restored.
Moved by the tears and entreaties of his
wife, he at last complied, only adding to
his signature the two letters V. C. (*Vice
Comites*), notifying thereby, that he only
yielded to force.

It was a real miracle that on that day
he escaped from the doom intended for him.
John De Witte derived no advantage
from his ready compliance with the wishes
of his fellow citizens. Only a few days
after, an attempt was made to stab him,
in which he was severely although not
mortally wounded.

This by no means suited the views of
the Orange faction. The life of the two
brothers being a constant obstacle to their
plans, they changed their tactics, and
tried to obtain by calumny what they had
not been able to effect by the aid of the
poisard.

How rarely does it happen that, in the
right moment, a great man is found to
head the execution of vast and noble de-
signs, but it as rarely happens, that when
the devil's work is to be done, the mis-
creant is not at hand, who readily and at
once enters upon the infamous task.

The wretched tool in this instance was
Tyckelaer, a surgeon by profession. He
lodged an information against Cornelius
De Witte, setting forth, that the warden
—who, as he had shown by the letters
added to his signature, was famous at the
repeal of the "Perpetual Edict"—had,
from hatred against William of Orange,
hired an assassin to deliver the new re-
public of its new Stadtholder; and he,
Tyckelaer, was the person thus chosen;
but that, horrified at the bare idea of the
act which he was asked to perpetrate, he
had preferred rather to reveal the crime
than to commit it.

This disclosure was, indeed, well calculated
to call forth a furious outbreak among
the Orange faction. The Attorney-Gen-
eral caused, on the 16th of August, 1672,
Cornelius De Witte to be arrested; and
the noble brother of John De Witte had,
like the vilest criminal, to undergo, in one
of the apartments of the town prison, the
preparatory degrees of torture, by means
of which his judges expected to force from
him the confession of his alleged plot
against William of Orange.

As we shall soon see, it was not enough.
The Athenians, who, indeed, have left
behind them a pretty tolerable reputation
for ingratitude, have in this respect to
yield precedence to the Dutch. There, at
least, in the case of Aristides, contented
themselves with banishing him.

John De Witte, at the first intimation
of the charge brought against his brother,
had resigned his office of Grand Pension-
ary. He, too, received a noble recom-
pense for his devotedness to the best in-
terests of his country, taking with him
into the retirement of private life, the in-
famy of a host of enemies, and the fresh
scars of wounds inflicted by assassins, on-
ly too often the sole guerillon obtained by
honest people, who are guilty of having
worked for their country, and of having
forgotten their own private interests.

In the meanwhile, William, of Orange,
urged on the course of events by every
means in his power, eagerly waiting for
the time when the people, by whom he
was idolized, should have made of the
bodies of the brothers the two steps, over
which he might ascend to the chair of
Stadtholder.

Well, then, on the 20th of August, 1672,
as we have already stated in the begin-
ning of this chapter, the whole town was
crowding towards the Buitenhof, to wit-
ness the departure of Cornelius De Witte
from prison, as he was going to exile,
and to see what traces the torture of the
rack had left on the noble frame of the
man who knew his Honor so well.

Yet all this multitude was not crowd-
ing to the Buitenhof with the innocent
view of merely feasting their eyes with
the spectacle: there were many who went
there to play an active part in it, and to
take upon themselves an office which they
conceived had been badly filled—that of
the executioner.

There were, indeed, others with less
hostile intentions. All that they cared
for was the spectacle, always so attrac-
tive to the mob, whose instinctive pride
is flattered by it—the sight of greatness
hurled down into the dust.

"Has not," they would say, "this Corne-
lius De Witte been locked up, and broken
by the rack? Shall we not see him pale,
pale, streaming with blood, covered
with shame?" And was not this a sweet
triumph for the burghers of the Hague,
whose every eye beat that of the common
rabble; a triumph, in which every honest
citizen and townsman might be expected
to share.

"Moreover," hinted the Orange agitators
interspersed through the crowd, whom
they hoped to manage like a sharp-
edged, and, at the same time, crushing
instrument,—“moreover, will not, from
the Buitenhof to the gate of the town, a
nice little opportunity present itself to
throw some handfuls of dirt, or a few
stones, at this Cornelius De Witte, who
not only conferred the dignity of Stadt-
holder on the Prince of Orange merely
Vice Comites, but who also intended to have
him assassinated?"

"Besides which," the fierce enemies of
France chimed in, "if the work were done
well and bravely at the Hague, Cornelius
would certainly not be allowed to go into
exile, where he will renew his intrigues
with France, and live with his big scound-
rel of a brother, John, on the gold of the
Marquis de Louvois."

Being in such a temper, people gener-
ally will run rather than walk; which
was the reason why the inhabitants of the
Hague were hurrying so fast towards the
Buitenhof.

If honest Tyckelaer, with a heart full
of spite and malice, and with no particu-
lar plan settled in his mind, was one of the
foremost, being paraded about by the
Orange party like a hero of probity, na-
tional honor, and Christian charity.

This darling miscreant detailed, with
all the embellishments and flourishes
suggested by his base mind and his rufi-
anly imagination, the attempts which
he pretended Cornelius De Witte had
made to corrupt him; the sums of money
which were promised; and all the dia-
bolical stratagems planned beforehand to
smooth for him, Tyckelaer, all the diffi-
culties in the path of murder.

And every phrase of his speech, eager-
ly listened to by the populace, called forth
enthusiastic cheers for the Prince of
Orange, and groans and imprecations of
blind fury against the brothers De
Witte.

The mob even began to vent its rage by
invectives against the iniquitous judges,
who had allowed such a detestable criminal
as the villain Cornelius to get off so
cheaply.

Some of the agitators whispered: "He
will be off, he will escape from us!" others
replied:—
"A vessel is waiting for him at Sche-
mading, a French craft. Tyckelaer has
seen her."

"Honest Tyckelaer! Hurrah for
Tyckelaer!" the mob cried in a chorus.
"And let us not forget," a voice ex-
claimed from the crowd, "that at the
same time with Cornelius, his brother
John, who is as racially a traitor as him-
self, will likewise make his escape."

"And the two rogues will in France
make merry with our money, with the
money for our vessels, our arsenals, and
our dockyards, which they have sold to
Louis XIV."

"Well then don't let us allow them to
depart!" advised one of the patriots who
had gained the start of the others.
"Forward to the prison, to the prison!"
echoed the crowd.

Among these cries, the citizens ran
along faster and faster, cocking their mus-
kets, brandishing their hatchets, and
looking death and defiance in all direc-
tions.

No violence, however, had as yet been
committed, and the file of horsemen who
were guarding the approaches of the Bui-
tenhof remained cool, unmoved, silent,
much more threatening in their impass-
ibility, than all this crowd of burghers,
with their cries, their agitation, and their
threats. The men on their horses, indeed,
stood like so many statues, under the eye
of their chief, Count Tilly, the captain of
the mounted troops of the Hague, who
had his sword drawn, but held it with its
point downwards, in a line with the straps
of his stirrup.

This troop, the only defence of the pris-
on, overawed by its firm attitude not only
the disorderly riotous mass of the popu-
lar, but also the detachment of the
burgher guard which, being placed oppo-
site the Buitenhof to support the soldiers
in keeping order, gave to the rioters the
example of seditious cries, shouting:—
"Hurrah for Orange! Down with the
traitors!"

The presence of Tilly and his horsemen,
indeed, exercised a salutary check on
these civic warriors; but, by degrees, they
waxed more and more angry by their own
shouts, and as they were not able to un-
derstand how any one could have courage
without showing it by cries, they attrib-
uted the silence of the dragoons to pusil-
lanimity, and advanced one step towards
the prison, with all the turbulent mob fol-
lowing in their wake.

In this moment, Count Tilly rode forth
towards them single-handed, merely lift-
ing his sword and contracting his brow
whilst he addressed them:—
"Well, gentlemen of the burgher guard,
what are you advancing for, and what do
you wish?"

The burghers shook their muskets, re-
peating their cry:—
"Hurrah for Orange! Death to the
traitors!"
"Hurrah for Orange! All well and
good!" replied Tilly, "although I cer-
tainly am more partial to happy faces,
than to gloomy ones. 'Death to the traitors,'
as much of it as you like, as long as
you show your wishes only by cries. But,
as to putting them to death in good
earnest, I am here to prevent that, and I
shall prevent it."

"But what is it that you are afraid of?"
"I am afraid of the harm which they
are going to do to him."

"Oh! yes," said De Witte, "you mean
to speak of the people down below, don't
you?"
"Do you hear them?"
"They are indeed in a state of great
excitement; but when they see us, per-
haps they will grow calmer, as we have
never done them anything but good."

"That's unfortunately no reason, ex-
cept for the contrary," muttered the girl,
as on an imperative sign from her father
she withdrew.
"Indeed, child, what you say is only
too true."

Then in pursing his way he said to
himself:—
"Here is a damsel who very likely does
not know how to read, who, consequent-
ly, has never read anything; and yet
with one word, she has just told the
whole history of the world."

And with the same calm mien, but
more melancholy than he had been on
entering the prison, the Grand Pension-
ary proceeded toward the cell of his
brother.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO BROTHERS.
As the fair Rosa, with foreboding doubt,
had foretold, so it happened. Whilst
John De Witte was climbing the narrow
winding stairs which led to the prison of
his brother Cornelius, the burghers did
their best to have the troop of Tilly,
which was in their way, removed.

Seeing this disposition, King Mob, who
fully appreciated the laudible intentions
of his own beloved militia, shouted most
lustily:—
"Hurrah for the burghers!"
As to Count Tilly, who was prudent as
he was firm, he began to parley with the
burghers, under the protection of the
cocked pistols of his dragoons, explaining
to the valiant townsman, that his order
from the States commanded him to guard
the prison and its approaches with three
companies.

"Wherefore such an order? Why
guard the prison?" cried the Orangists.
"Stop," replied the Count; "there you
at once ask me more than I can tell you.
I was told: 'Guard the prison, and I
guard it. You, gentlemen, who are al-
most military men yourselves, you are
aware that an order must never be gain-
sayed.'"

"But this order has been given to you
that the traitors may be enabled to leave
the town."
"Very possible, as the traitors are con-
demned to exile," replied Tilly.
"But who has given this order?"
"The States, by George!"
"The States are traitors."
"I don't know anything about that."
"And you are a traitor yourself!"
"I?"
"Yes, you."

"Well, as to that, let us understand
each other, gentlemen. Whom should I
betray? The States? Why, I cannot be-
tray them, whilst, being in their pay, I
faithfully obey their orders."
As the Count was so indisputably in
the right, that it was impossible to argue
against him, the mob answered only by
redoubled clamor and horrible threats, to
which the Count opposed the most per-
fect urbanity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "uncock your
muskets; one of them may go off by ac-
cident, and if the shot chance to wound
any of my men, we should knock over a
couple of hundreds of yours, for which
we should, indeed, be very sorry, but you
even more so, especially as such a thing
is neither contemplated by you, nor by
myself."

"If you did that," cried the burghers,
"we should have a pop at you too."
"Of course you would, but suppose you
killed every man Jack of us, those whom
we should have killed, would not, for all
that, be less dead?"
"Then leave the place to us, and you
will perform the part of a good citizen."

"First of all," said the Count, "I am
not a citizen, but an officer, which is a
very different thing; and secondly, I am
not a Hollander, but a Frenchman, which
is more different still. I have to do with
no one but the States, by whom I am
paid; let me see an order from them to
leave the place to you, and I shall
only be too glad to wheel off in an in-
stant, as I am confoundedly bored here."

"Yes, yes!" cried a hundred voices,
the din of which was immediately swelled
by five hundred others: "Let us march to
the Town-hall; let us go and see the de-
puties! Come along! come along!"
"That's it," Tilly muttered between his
teeth, as he saw the most violent among
the crowd turning away; "go and ask for
a mannequin in the Town-hall, and you
will see whether they will grant it; go,
my fine fellows, go!"
The worthy officer relied on the honor
of the magistrates, who, on their side, re-
lied on his honor as a soldier.
"I say, Captain!" the first lieutenant
whispered into the ear of the Count, "I
hope the deputies will give these madmen
a flat refusal; but, after all, it would do
no harm if they would send us some re-
inforcement!"
In the meanwhile, John De Witte,

whom we left climbing the stairs, after
his conversation with the jailer Gryphus
and his daughter Rosa, had reached the
door of the cell, where, on a mattress, his
brother Cornelius was resting, after hav-
ing undergone the preparatory degrees of
the torture. The sentence of banishment
having been pronounced, there was no
occasion for inflicting the torture extra-
ordinary.

Cornelius was stretched on his couch,
with broken wrists and crushed fingers.
He had not confessed a crime of which
he was not guilty; and now, after three
days of agony, he once more breathed
freely, on being informed that the judges,
from whom he had expected death, were
only condemning him to exile.

Endowed with an iron frame and a
stout heart, how would he have disap-
pointed his enemies, if they could only
have seen, in the dark cell of the Bui-
tenhof, his pale face lit up by the smile of
the martyr, who forgets the dross of this
earth after having obtained a glimpse of
the bright glory of heaven.

The warden, indeed, had already re-
covered his full strength, much more owing
to the force of his own strong will
than to actual aid; and he was calculat-
ing how long the formalities of the law
would still detain him in prison.

This was just at the very moment when
the mingled shouts of the burgher-guard
and of the mob were raging against the
two brothers, and threatening Captain
Tilly, who served as a rampart to them.
This noise, which roared outside the walls
of the prison, as the surf dashing against
the rocks, now reached the ears of the
prisoner.

But threatening as it sounded, Corne-
lius appeared not to deem it worth his
while to inquire after its cause; nor did
he get up to look out of the narrow grate
window, which gave access to the light
and noise of the world without.

He was so absorbed in his never-ceas-
ing pain, that it had almost become a
habit with him. He felt with such de-
lights the bonds, which connected his im-
mortal being with his perishable frame,
gradually loosening, that it seemed to him
as if his spirit, freed from the trammels
of the body, were hovering above it, like
the expiring flame which rises from the
half-extinguished embers.

He also thought of his brother; and
whilst the latter was thus vividly present
to his mind, the door opened, and John
entered, hurrying to the bedside of the
prisoner, who stretched out his broken
limbs and his hands, tied up in banda-
ges, towards that glorious brother, whom
he now exceeded, not in services rendered
to the country, but in the hatred which
the Dutch bore him.

John tenderly kissed his brother on the
forehead, and put his sore hands gently
back on the mattress.
"Cornelius, my poor brother, you are
suffering great pain, are you not?"
"I am suffering no longer, since I see
you, my brother."

"Oh! my poor dear Cornelius, I feel
most wretched to see you in such a
state."
"And, indeed, I have thought more of
you than of myself, and whilst they were
torturing me, I never thought of uttering
a complaint, except once, to say, 'Poor
brother! But now that you are here,
let us forget all. You are coming to
take me away, are you not?'"
"I am."

"I am quite healed; help me to get
up, and you shall see how well I can
walk."

"You will not have to walk far, as I
have my coach near the pond, behind
Tilly's dragoons."

"Tilly's dragoons! What are they near
the pond for?"
"Well," said the Grand Pensionary,
with a melancholy smile, which was ha-
bitual to him, "the gentleman at the
Town-hall expect that the people of the
Hague would like to see you depart, and
there is some apprehension of a tumult."

"Of a tumult?" replied Cornelius, fix-
ing his eyes on his perplexed brother, "a
tumult?"

"Yes, Cornelius."

"Oh! that's what I heard just now,"
said the prisoner as if speaking to him-
self. Then turning to his brother, he
continued:—
"Are there many persons down below
the prison?"

"Yes, my brother, there are."
"But then, to come here to me—"
"Well?"

"How is it that they have allowed you
to pass?"

"You well know that we were not very
popular, Cornelius," said the Grand Pen-
sionary, with gloomy bitterness. "I have
made my way through all sorts of by-
streets and alleys."

"You hid yourself, John?"

"I wished to reach you without loss of
time, and I did what people will do in
politics, or on the sea when the wind is
against them—I tacked."

of this gale, and through the raging surf
of popular hatred, as you did the fleet of
Van Tromp past the shoals of the Scheldt
to Antwerp."

"With the help of God, Cornelius,
we'll at least try," answered John; "but,
first of all, a word with you."

"Speak!"

"The shouts beguiled anew."
"Hark, hark!" continued Cornelius,
"how angry those people are. Is it
against you or against me?"

"I should say it is against us both,"
Cornelius. I told you, my dear brother,
that the Orange party, whilst assailing us
with their absurd calumnies, have also
made it a reproach against us that we
have negotiated with France."

"What blockheads they are!"
"But, indeed, they reproach us with
it."

"And yet, if these negotiations had
been successful, they would have pre-
vented the defeat of Rees, Orsay, Wesel,
and Rheiberg; the Rhine would not have
been crossed, and Holland might still con-
sider herself invincible in the midst of
her marshes and canals."

"All this is quite true, my dear Corne-
lius, but still more certain it is, that if
in this moment our correspondence with
the Marquis de Louvois were discovered,
skilful pilot as I am, I should not be
able to save the frail barque which is to
carry the brothers De Witte and their
fortunes out of Holland. That corres-
pondence, which might prove to honest
people how dearly I love my country,
and what sacrifices I have offered to
make for its liberty and glory, would be
ruin to us if it fell into the hands of the
Orange party. I hope you have burned
the letters before you left Dort to join me
at the Hague."

"My dear brother," Cornelius answered,
"your correspondence with Mr. de Lou-
vois affords ample proof of your having
been of late the greatest, most generous,
and most able citizen of the seven United
Provinces, I doat on the glory of my
country; and particularly do I doat on
your glory, John—I have taken good
care not to burn that correspondence."

"Then we are lost, as far as this life is
concerned," quietly said the Grand Pen-
sionary, approaching the window.

"No, on the contrary, John, we shall
at the same time save our lives, and re-
gain our popularity."

"But what have you done with these
letters?"
"I have entrusted them to the care of
Cornelius Van Baerle, my godson, whom
you know, and lives in Dort."

"Poor honest Van Baerle! who knows
so much and thinks of nothing but flowers
and God, who made them. You have
entrusted him with this fatal secret; he
will be his ruin poor soul!"
"His ruin?"

"Yes, for he will either be strong or he
will be weak. If he is strong, he will,
when he hears of what has happened to
us, boast of our acquaintance; if he is
weak, he will betray on account of his
connection with us; if he is strong he will
betray the secret of his boldness; if he is
weak he will allow it to be forced from
him. In either case he is lost, and so are
we. Let us, therefore, fly, fly, as long as
it is still time."

Cornelius De Witte, raising himself on
his couch, and grasping the hand of his
brother, who shuddered at the touch of
his linen bandages, replied:—
"Do not I know my godson? have not
I been able to read every thought in Van
Baerle's mind, and every sentiment in his
heart? You ask whether he is strong or
weak. He is neither the one nor the other;
but that is not now the question. The
principal point is, that he is sure not to
divulge the secret, for the very good reason
that he does not know it himself."

J. P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1875.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

An Interesting Letter from Jerome R. Wells.

Correspondence of THE HARTFORD HERALD.

ABOARD STEAMER VICTORIA, August 9, 1875.

A TENDER PARTING SCENE.

Editor HERALD:—The scene on leaving the pier at New York was a very affecting one. I found it more difficult to keep my eyes dry, than I had imagined, on seeing so many tears. There was quite a crowd assembled on the pier to witness the departure of the steamer. Fathers and mothers parting from their children, sisters and brothers parting from each other, young ladies separating from their lovers, and all parting from friends, possibly never to see each other again. Some would have alternate spells of convulsive crying and laughter, whilst others would sob continuously. There was one young lady in particular who attracted my attention. I suspected that she was parting with that "dear one" that flood speaks of in his "Bridge of Sighs." They stood on deck, close together, talking, seemingly, very confidentially, and their eyes beaming admiration for each other, when the bell tapped (that awful tap). She threw her arms lovingly around his neck, and cried, "O George!" He put his arm around her waist, and his only response was, "Mary, you are a bonny lassie!" (They were both Scotch.) Then followed the parting kiss—the shake of the hand—and he was off.

JEROME "COTTONS" TO HER, OF COURSE, AND DISCOVERS A PARAGON.

She was a young lady rather prepossessing in appearance, with a very bright and sparkling gray eye, and on entering into conversation with her, I found her to be possessed of more than ordinary research and intelligence. Born and reared near Glasgow, Scotland, evidently of good family, she had been on a visit to some relatives in America, and was on her way home. It seemed to me that she had read and could tell me something of every book of note that has been written from the days of Josephus to the present time. I was surprised to find her extensive acquaintance with American as well as European poets; and from her favorite Burns she could quote line after line, and put into them that Scotch accent and feeling that I never heard before.

HE ENDEAVORS TO "PUMP" HER.

I told her of the scene I had witnessed at the pier, and ventured to suggest she would be likely to go back to America soon. "I don't know, I'm sure," she said. "I am a believer in *forfeiture*. What is to be, will be. If that is to be or not, I can't tell." But the tears stood in her eyes when she told me she was the last one to leave the ship.

ALL OFF TOGETHER.

We left the pier on Saturday, July 31st, at 3 o'clock p.m. At the same hour the City of Richmond, of the Inman line, the Republic, of the White Star line, (both for Liverpool via Queenstown), and the German steamer, *Main*, for Bremen, all sailed from their respective piers. The above named (all large vessels) and ours, the *Victoria*, got a reasonably fair start within a short distance of each other. There was some curiosity among the passengers to know which was going to take the lead, and I very much feared, at first, that we were going to be "distanced," as our steamer seemed to lag back a little. She rallied, however, and the vessels ran within a short distance of each other for several hours, until they finally branched off on their several courses.

PHOTO. OF THE VICTORIA.

I will endeavor to give you a descriptive outline of our steamer, her Captain, the line to which she belongs, &c. She is 375 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a capacity of 2,150 tons, draws twenty-two feet of water, and has a 500-horse-power engine. I am told that she is the next-best of the 37 steamers of the Anchor line.—Her saloon is elegantly finished, and the entire ship seems to be neat and clean throughout. The Anchor is essentially a Scotch line, running steamers from New York to Glasgow direct, and making the most northern route of any of the steamers from that port. Captain Monroe, of the *Victoria*, is a short, square-built, broad-shouldered Scotchman, with a side-whiskers and heavy mustache, and is a quiet, affable, well-bred gentleman. His extensive intercourse with the world has evidently put him in possession of that very desirable key to good breeding, viz: "B-natural." He never seems to tire of the very numerous questions that are put to him by the passengers, but always has a pleasant answer for everybody.—There are about 30 cabin and 100 steerage passengers aboard. Of the cabin passengers, there are ten ladies, six of whom are married. The list of cabin passengers is decidedly small, owing to the lateness of the season. The officers and crew are nearly all Scotch, either by birth or descent.

WHY THEY CHOSE THAT ROUTE.

You may ask why we took this Scotch line, going so far north. I will tell you. At Louisville, the Anchor line was represented to us as being one of the best and safest lines on the ocean. One of their steamers (the *Olympia*) was advertised to sail from New York on July 31st, for London direct. We there bought tickets for that vessel. When we arrived at New York, we went aboard, and found, to oursurprise, a rather small, dirty-looking ship, with little cramped-up staterooms, and a dejected look about the whole vessel; and, to add to our disgust, we had to be continually on the *qui vive* to keep from being run over by some cattle they were taking aboard, while we were going to and from the ship. We found the *Victoria*, a large and commodious vessel, was advertised to sail at the same hour for Glasgow, in Scotland. So we went to work and succeeded in getting our tickets and baggage transferred to the *Victoria* without much trouble. The Company will send us from Glasgow to Liverpool or London by rail, the fare to all those places being about the same from New York. We will go from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and from thence to London.

"A SMOOTH SEA AND FLOWING SWEET."

Up to this time we have had a remarkably calm sea most of the time. We got fairly out on a smooth sea Saturday before dark. The water looked as smooth as a floor, and the vessel glided along as smoothly as does the Morning Star on the bosom of the placid Ohio, at the rate of about 12 knots an hour. I went to bed that night entirely insensible of any cause for sea-sickness. The next day was Sunday, with us in one sense only—that of the brightness of the sun. The sky was almost entirely clear of clouds, and the passengers all seemed in fine spirits. Such expressions as, "Oh, isn't it a beautiful morning?" "Delightful!" "Perfectly lovely!" were often heard, from the fair ones especially, several of whom were very agreeably disappointed at not finding themselves sea-sick.

NOW IT TAKES HIM.

Up till the third day there was no one sick. I began to feel a little "squirmy" on the morning of that day, before breakfast. I found that my appetite was failing. However, I partook of a light breakfast, and started on deck for a walk to dispel my bad feelings. The vessel seemed to pitch and roll more than usual that morning, and I soon found myself at the rear of the steamer, leaning over the iron railing, "hollerin' 'New York' in a very earnest manner. For three days I was very sick. The physician was called in to see me on the third day, and gave me a dose of something, and I got better. It could not endure food of any kind for more than 48 hours.

HOW THEY LIVE ON SHIPBOARD.

The Scotch manner of living on board the ship is very peculiar. We have a dish of oatmeal porridge brought to us in the morning before we get out of bed. At 8 o'clock we have breakfast, at 12 lunch, dinner at 4, and tea at 7, from two to four changes each time. So, you see, if one is inclined to be an epicure, he can indulge to his stomach's content.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS."

I have just been on deck looking at "Mother Carey's Chickens," a small black bird, a little larger than an ordinary chimney swallow. These birds will follow a ship for hundreds of miles, occasionally darting down and seeming to alight on the water immediately in the wake of the ship. I am told that they feed on little oily globules that float on the water, and will eat nothing else. Doubtless you have heard of the superstitions tradition among the sailors concerning these birds. They are believed to be the spirits of departed sailors buried in the "great deep." Consequently they are held sacred by mariners. They say that if any person on board a ship kills one of these birds, some misfortune is sure to overtake the vessel, and at least one soul for each bird will perish.

"THE LAZY, LOLLING WHALES."

We have seen several whales of different sizes—some very large ones—and it is remarkable what indifference they seem to manifest towards everything. I have not seen one immediately in front of the ship, but those I have seen looked as though they would not turn their course for anything. They seem to feel that they are "monarchs of all they survey," floating leisurely along, and occasionally spouting up the water to a distance of several feet in the air.

"OFF THE BANKS."

On the morning of the fourth day, we got up to find ourselves off the Banks of Newfoundland, among a great many fishing boats. What an immense business this is! The whole surface of the ocean was spotted with the boats of the codfish catchers.

ICEBERGS.

The next morning the Captain announced that we were in the iceberg region. We looked eagerly for icebergs all day, and had about abandoned it, when, just after sunset, some one on deck shouted, "Iceberg!" and in a moment all were on deck and had a good view of a very large one several miles south of us. It looked more like a large pile of snow than anything else I can describe. Quite an

EXCITING LITTLE INCIDENT

occurred while we were looking at the iceberg. The sailors have as a law among themselves, that no one except a sailor shall ascend the masts, on penalty of being tied up there or treated to a bottle of brandy. A young man, a passenger, from New York, in his eagerness to look at the iceberg, bounded up the mast. He had scarcely started up, before we went three sailors after him. He saw that they were in chase, so he climbed clear to the top of the mast, closely pursued by the sailors. When he reached the top, he saw that he was in a close place. He hesitated a moment. He saw that his only chance was to leap from the mast, catch a rope, and slide down. It was a fearful leap for one so unskilled. All was silent as death below. He made the leap, caught the rope, and came whizzing down, "like a streak!" The sailors followed, and met him as he reached the

deck, and claimed their bottle of brandy. He refused to pay it, claiming that he had made his escape. The sailors persisted in their demand. He would not accede to it, and finally the officers interfered and sent the sailors away.

NEARING OLD IRELAND.

We have now been on nine days, and most of them good weather. We are about 300 miles from Londonderry, Ireland, and expect to reach there by 12 o'clock to-morrow. From there it is only nine hours run to Glasgow. I feel that a sight of "old mother earth" would be truly refreshing.

J. R. W.

ANOTHER TEACHER TALKS.

CENTERTOWN, KY., Aug. 31.

EDITOR HERALD:—In your last week's issue was an article entitled "Views of a Teacher." I am one of the examples of meekness mentioned in that article, and as some of my views are different from his, I propose to discuss in a friendly manner some of the grievances of "R.C." in order that you and your readers may have the "Views of Two Teachers." R. C. seems to be sour on everything he mentions pertaining to schools, except Butler's grammar, the Elementary spelling book, and the *shades* of Noah Webster. I will subscribe to what he says of Butler's grammar, and I think I have due reverence for the shade of Noah Webster; but introducing Butler's spellers in place of Webster's, we should look at the books, not at the *shades* of the authors. I learned to spell from the old Elementary when at school, and I yet love that book for the good it has done. I love the author of it, too, because his works on lexicography have tended to purify and adorn the English language. Every American, every English-speaking son of Adam, should pay high honors to the name of Noah Webster for the good books he has written; but his school books are not so well suited to the schools of to-day as they were to those of twenty years ago. The old Elementary answered our purpose very well when we made a child spell for two or three years without trying to read. The idea then acted upon, was that a child should learn a large vocabulary of hard words before attempting to learn the use of any of them by practice in reading. Now the system is changed, and the child is taught to read while it can spell very few words. The new system seems to be the better one. At any rate, it is the one in vogue, and Butler's spellers seem better adapted to it than Webster's. A great many of the first words that a child uses are found in the fore-part of Butler's speller and in the back part of Webster's. The words *long, when, then, thing, the, then, then, this, that, with, and* a host of others are thus situated. To make my meaning plain, I ask, how far can a child read without calling and understanding the word *that*? Some may claim superiority for Webster's speller, because the letters are marked; but this sounds better in theory than in practice. For all practical purposes the marks are to a small child nothing but a source of needless, cruel confusion. Many teachers, who have learned all they know about spelling from that book, frankly admit that they know very little about the marks. But little attention has been given to them in our schools. But some stickler for the marking system, would ask it they should be thrown away entirely. I answer, no. I would retain them in the Dictionary, and the Dictionary class should be instructed in the use of the marks. Every member of it should be urged to a complete mastery of the Key. The expanding mind can then easily grasp the principles and make immediate application of them. The key then becomes the key that will unlock the gateway to halls of correct pronunciation.

A few more words about Noah Webster and I will leave him. That he was great, none will deny. That he was a profound and energetic scholar, needs no proof but his works. It is not generally known, however, by those who in a manner worship his memory, that he allowed a good portion of his otherwise valuable time to be wasted in literary folly into which he was led by his ambition for fame and an over-estimate of his influence. I allude to the time when he taught (and practiced, too) that words should be spelt as they are pronounced. Here is an extract from the preface of a volume of Essays written by him and published in 1790. "During the course of ten or twelve years I have been laboring to correct popular errors and to assist my young brethren in the road to truth and virtue. * * * Much time has been spent which I do not regret, and much measure incurred which my heart tells me I do not deprecate. * * * The reader will observe that the orthography is not uniform. The reason is, &c."

This spelling of the late Noah Webster, with a great big title or two, resembles that of Josh Billings. But enough on this point. He backed from his rash position and made a man of himself.

Our friend R. C. does not like our Institutes, and thinks that if the Common School Teachers could reject the law creator, they would send it to the nether world. He seems to think the faculty of them patent to every reflecting mind, and triumphantly asks, how few days' attendance at any place of instruction will enable any one to make any visible improvement. He says the teachers come up quietly as sheep and foot the bill of expenses. My opinion is, and I think I can be borne out in it, that many fail to attend, and some who attend fail to enroll and pay. Perhaps this might be called *fooling*, that is, walking away from the bill. A great many teachers do not appreciate our Institutes as they should. It seems strange to me that any teacher

or any lover of education, should be opposed to them. The cause of education in this country took a fresh impetus and an upward tendency with our first Institute. Every succeeding one has been a means of advancement, and we to-day have a better corps of teachers than ever before. The Institute of last year was, perhaps, the least valuable of any that we have had. Why? Because of rainy weather, and the absence of R. C.'s "dubbed Professors," who he says are "imported" to conduct the "ephemera," as he calls them. Meek, indeed, must be that teacher who cannot make enough improvement at a good Institute to over-pay his expenses. Can he not gain a better idea about something that will be useful to him as a teacher; the motions of the earth, for instance; how the seasons are produced; difficult points in mathematics, grammar, composition, school government, or something of the kind? Does he know all about all these? If so it is to be hoped that his complaint is only an imaginary expansion of the mind. Is he so dull he cannot learn. Then let him back out from the profession; but let the Institutes go on for those who can and will be benefited by them. The value of them cannot be summed up like a grocer's bill and expressed in dollars and cents; but they are valuable nevertheless. Neither can the value of a good school be so expressed; yet it is valuable.

A good plan for a teacher to follow is to take items from the knowledge and experience, and I may add, the folly of his fellow teachers, adopting what is good and guarding against the bad. This he has a chance to do at the Institutes. One more word about our Institutes. How would the teachers like to hold the next one somewhere in the country, where I believe we would be welcomed with a cordial extension of free entertainment? I believe that many neighborhoods would as soon have an Institute as a Baptist Association, or a Methodist Quarterly Meeting.

R. C. wants the heads of our school examiners cut off with something that will do the work quickly. I suppose a *gullotine* would answer the purpose. Now I want it understood that although no grandfather of mine—no tailor who holds a bill against me—is on that board. I think *descriptions* too bloody an affair for me. Let us kill them, if at all, when they *claim* to be models of perfection. The very idea of abolishing the examining board, and throwing the whole matter on determining a teacher's qualifications on the trustees, carries with it an idea of humbuggery on the part of *would-be* teachers hard enough to guard against with the safeguards we now have. As the law stands, we, in effect, have few trustees. The whole matter of choosing a teacher is thrown on the districts at large. An election or two must be called, rivalry among teachers encouraged—rivalry in regard to *price*, not qualifications—a subscription circulated, while some goad at others for not subscribing enough. Some will not subscribe to or support a school unless the teacher of his choice be selected. Thus the matter stands. The trustee, instead of having power himself, to choose a teacher, is placed under obligations to try and humor the whims of his district, and he often fails to succeed. The law most to be desired is one giving the trustee power to compel the district to pay the teacher he thinks best adapted to the school in his district. I know that this view is somewhat unpopular, but the people will see it is the best after they wrangle over the present system awhile. As to the board of examiners, it seems that every good teacher should wish them to increase their strictness, instead of wishing to abolish it entirely. G. M. R.

For the Hartford Herald.

FROM "TEXAS."

SNAKES.

Although this section of the county is famous for its wonderful adaptability to the growth of venomous snakes, one would scarcely conceive, were he not a denizen of the soil, the enormous number basking their sleek sides in the warm sunshine on the bottom and hills. It has been said, with what truth I am not at present prepared to state, that every farmer present with small exertion make a fence of half light of black snakes alone. Though some may be incredulous, we could, with little trouble, find a sufficient number to qualify to the fact. The following is a classification of the many species, and their common names known to us:

The rattlesnake and copperhead, the most deadly, are quite common, and numbers have been killed this spring and summer. The cottonmouth, black red-belly, blow-viper, moccasin and spreading adder, are also venomous and dangerous, in fact, deadly. The black chicken, cow, garter, house, ground and green snakes are met with in every direction, and as they are not considered poisonous, are seldom killed. Few old farmers will not kill the black snake—especially the racer—as it is considered the inveterate enemy of venomous snakes, the rattlesnake especially, which they will attack at every opportunity and destroy by their marvelous strength of pressure.

SUPERSTITIOUS NOTIONS.

One would suppose the dark days of superstition had faded before the bright light of a pure religion and the educational advantages of the nineteenth century. One is often amused at the ridiculous absurdities so carefully handed down from generation to generation and so sacredly treasured and firmly believed by the older settlers and their progeny of this section. To see the moon over the left shoulder, and through the branches of timber, is a sure sign of some calamity before the next

moon. To commence work on Friday, you will never finish it. To hear the voice of a whippoorwill, in the west, in the early spring, is a propitious omen, and you will have good and plentiful crops. If you are troubled with the toothache, and find a horse's head, for every foot you carry it in your teeth while on your hands and knees, you will be exempted from the disease for a corresponding number of years. Another cure is a mysterious ceremony said in the woods by an old man—he can only cure the teeth of women—his wife can affect the same cure for men. If the first silk found in the cornfield is white, you will have a marriage in the family before next corn planting; if red, a death. If you sweep under the bed upon which any one is sick they will never leave it alive, and so on, and so on.

ALEXANDER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SAM LARKINS,

FASHIONABLE

BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,

Would respectfully announce that he has returned to Hartford, and resumed the Barbering business in all its branches, at his old stand, the first door northwest of W. H. Williams' Store, where he will be happy to receive the patronage of the public.

LIST OF PRICES.

Hair Cutting.....25 cents.

Shaving.....10 "

Shampooing.....25 "

Dyeing whiskers and mustaches, from 25 cts. to \$1.50.

He is always at his post, and guarantees satisfaction with his work. n35-3m

RUFER'S HOTEL

AND

Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY.

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL. T. GERMAN, } Proprietors.

AMERSON WHELAN, }

n35-3m

MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county

M. & K. will take this occasion to no-

tice the farmers of Ohio and

Butler counties, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always paying high prices for new goods. Call and see and satisfy yourselves. Now is the opportunity you will ever have to buy goods at really wholesale prices. E. SMALL, Hartford, Ky., July 23, 1875. n35-4m

POND'S EXTRACT!

The People's Remedy for Internal and External Use.

POND'S EXTRACT CURES

Piles, blind and bleeding; Inflammations and Ulcers; Hemorrhage from any organ—Noe, drops, Leucorrhoea, Kidneys, Womb, &c.; Congestions, Enlargements.

POND'S EXTRACT IS AVAILABLE

For Dysentery and Rheumatism; Inflammation of Eyes and Eyelids; Inflammation of Ovaries; Vaginal Leucorrhoea; Various Skin Diseases, &c. It is sold by all First-class Druggists, and recommended by all Druggists, Physicians, and every body who has ever used it.

PAPULET containing History and Uses mailed free on application, if not found at your Druggist's.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York and London.

n35-4w

TASTELESS MEDICINES

A prominent New York physician lately complained to DUNDAS DICK & CO., about their SANDALWOOD OIL CAPSULES, stating that sometimes they cured miserably, but that a patient of his had taken them without effect.—On being told that several imitations were sold he inquired and found his patient had not been taking DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S.

What happened to this physician may have happened to others, and DUNDAS DICK & CO. take this method of protecting physicians, druggists and patients, and preventing OIL or SANDALWOOD from coming into disrepute.

PHYSICIANS who once prescribe the Capsules will continue to do so, for they contain the pure OIL in the best and cheapest form.

DUNDAS DICK & CO. are more OIL or SANDALWOOD than all the Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Perfumers in the United States combined, and this is the sole reason why the pure OIL is sold cheaper in their Capsules than in any other form.

OIL of SANDALWOOD is fast superseding every other remedy, sixty Capsules only being required to insure a safe and certain cure in six to eight days. From no other medicine can this result be effected, and the only Capsules prescribed by physicians.

TASTELESS MEDICINES.—Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S SWEET CAPSULES. NO TASTE. NO SNAEL.

These were the only Capsules admitted to the last Paris Exposition.

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES HERE.

n35-4w

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

G. M. Truman's Adm., pliff, } Equity.

G. M. Truman's heirs, dfts. } against

All persons having claims against the estate of G. M. Truman, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C. 28a3m

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

James H. Taylor's Adm., pliff, } Equity.

James H. Taylor's heirs, dfts. } against

All persons having claims against the estate of James H. Taylor, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C. 28a3m

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Wm. Duke, sr.'s, Executors, pliffs, } Equity.

Wm. Duke, sr.'s, heirs, dfts. } against

All persons having claims against the estate of Wm. Duke, sr., deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

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E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C. 28a3m

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

James H. Taylor's Adm., pliff, } Equity.

James H. Taylor's heirs, dfts. } against

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E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C. 28a3m

HARTFORD MALE

FEMALE SEMINARY.

(—)

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the

First Monday in September, 1875,

and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A. B.,

aided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary.....\$10.00

Higher English, \$20.00

Latin, 15.00

Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

S. M

THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.
—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause, during the year, we will refund the money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited; except those of saloon keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising, and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. J. H. Haycraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Mondays in October and January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Russell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Caneby District, No. 1.—H. A. Ford, Justice, held March 5, June 17, September 4, December 18.
E. F. Tift, Justice, held March 18, June 4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 11, December 16.
D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Reader, Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30, December 15.
T. S. Bennett, Justice, held March 16, June 28, September 13, December 30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, December 27.
S. Woodward, Justice, held March 21, June 10, September 23, December 11.

Forville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22.
J. L. R. R. Cobb, Justice, held March 29, June 7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, Justice, held March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23.
J. M. Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 8, September 23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper, Justice, held March 13, June 25, September 14, December 29.
A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 25, June 11, September 14, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29, December 17.
Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17, June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen, Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 13, December 28.
Jno. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26, June 12, September 28, December 10.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G. Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, September 21, December 11.
Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, held March 6, June 18, September 21, December 11.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Collins, Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10, December 24.
J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23, June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—J. H. Lucas, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first Tuesday in January, April, July and October.
Caneby—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1875.

JNO. P. BARRETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will please call and pay up, as we are in urgent need of some money. We cannot run a newspaper without money, and hence we are under the necessity of collecting as fast as amounts fall due.

All over town—flea.

School commences next Monday.

Mr. Grossie B. Williams made a flying visit to Owensboro last week.

Judge Gregory says it is worse than the small-pox—base ball.

A great number of hogs are dying with cholera, in the Cool Springs vicinity.

The Louisville Exposition.

We have received an invitation from the officers of the Louisville Industrial Exposition to attend their fourth season of that enterprise, which opens on September 1st and closes October 16.

We are informed that railroads and steamboat lines leading into Louisville will materially reduce their rates during the season, and thus place it within the reach of every one to visit Louisville during her most delightful season. The Exposition, as every one knows, offers a brilliant, instructive and ever-entertaining picture to people of all classes. All the inventions of master minds which have been adopted by practical men, novelties in machinery of every character, vast quantities of rare natural products, the offering of manufacturers, the work of skilled hands in various branches of art and mechanism, all combined make a display that can not fail to attract every one.

The Art Department is said to be peculiarly rich in the treasures of our best artists, the collection embracing several hundred original pictures never before exhibited outside of the studios of the artists. The art gallery heretofore has been a most delightful feature of the Exposition, and we are pleased to learn that its attractions have been increased rather than diminished. The Natural History Department will embrace the larger portion of Mt. Union College Museum, a rare collection of birds, animals and reptiles, valued at a quarter of a million dollars. These and other important features of the department will be attractive, not alone to the student, but to every lover of the curious in nature. The natural beauty of Louisville at this season of the year, the excellence of her hotels, and the cheap rate of transportation, will make a trip to the Exposition both desirable, pleasant and profitable.

Serious Accident to a Surviving Soldier of the Revolution.

William Blankenship, who lives two miles above Rough Creek Springs, in Hardin county, was born in Virginia in the year 1759, and is consequently 116 years old. He served the colonies as a soldier in the war for independence, and was a member of Col. Harry Lee's famous Light Horse battalion. The old soldier is remarkably sprightly and active, and his visual organs and mental faculties are alike unimpaired. He has always lived a temperate, prudent and industrious life, and has in consequence enjoyed the most vigorous health. Up to last Sunday week he was fully as active as we are now in our forty-third year. On that day the old veteran met with a serious accident, which, at his advanced age, it is hardly reasonable to suppose he will recover from. He was endeavoring to raise a fallen horse, and had succeeded in partially lifting it to its feet, when the animal gave way, and fell against him, knocking him down and breaking one of his legs.

Death of Colonel Hancock.

(Courier-Journal 28th.)
Colonel George Hancock died yesterday at his residence about twelve miles from the city. He was a gentleman of liberal education, and after leaving Yale studied law, but passed his life in agricultural pursuits. Possessing a refined taste and polished manners, he lived to a very advanced age, retaining great vigor of body and mind, and during his long life was singularly respected for his benevolence, generosity and manly character. He will be long remembered as one of the most hospitable and cultivated men of the generation, and a citizen of this county.

Fight With Pitchforks.

Last Saturday, on the farm of William Keene, in Hardin county, two men engaged in threshing wheat, named Joel Drain and William Moberly, engaged in an altercation, the former accusing the latter of slandering him. The quarrel culminated in Drain's assaulting Moberly with a pitchfork, with a prong of which he laid one of his cheeks open from the chin to the ear. Moberly retaliated in kind, and spitted the calf of one of Drain's legs upon the tines of his fork. They were separated before more serious damage was done.

A New and Fatal Disease Among Hogs.

We learn from a reliable source that a new and singularly fatal disease is destroying all the hogs in the neighborhood of the White Mills, on Nolin river. Its symptoms are almost identical with those of inflammation of the brain in the human species. It does swift work; the animal never lives beyond three hours after it is first attacked.

New Barber Shop.

Henry Pace, who has of late been carrying on the business of barbering at the old stand of Sam. Larkins, has removed across the street to the Hartford House, where he is prepared to do all work in his line in superior style and for as low prices as any one. Give him a call.

The Events of the Week.

will be the opening of the great Exposition at Louisville, and the magnificent display of new goods in the Merchant Tailor Department of the great Clothing House of J. Winter & Co., Cor. 3d and Market.

Do not Fail to Visit.

the great Clothing House of J. Winter & Co., when you go to the city. Prices moderate and the largest stock in Louisville to select from.

Mr. Daniel Wise, for a number of years a resident of this place, left Monday for our neighboring town, Cromwell, where he will take charge of the flouring mills of Mr. Preston Paxton.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following transfers of real estate have been lodged for record since our last report, viz:

N. P. Wedding to John T. Sapp, 187 acres on Grassy Creek, \$2,057.00.
F. D. Roby to Horatio Odel, 76 acres on Caneby Fork, \$150.00.

Martha A. Clark et al. to Horatio Odel, part of 194 acres on Adams Fork, \$300.00.
Mrs. D. R. Carter to Joseph Miller, lot in Beaver Dam. Deed of exchange.

A. Woodward to Stephen Woodward, 132 acres on Barnett's Creek. Deed of gift.
G. W. Leach to J. S. Wilson, 101 acres on Adams Fork, \$700.00.

Sam. Gentry to John S. Wilson, 96 acres on Adams Fork, \$700.00.
Sheriff Smith to C. L. Woodward, 20 acres, \$22.49.

Commissioner Cox to Lafayette Edgewell, 20 acres. Deed of partition.
Commissioner Cox to Martin & Tinsley, 130 acres on Green River.

Commissioner Marrell to H. T. Ford, \$6,199 acres on Adams Fork, \$827.17.
Joseph S. Park to M. E. Church, lot on McCreedy's Creek. Deed of gift.

U. S. Marshal to White, Dunkerson & Co., lot in Rockport, \$700.00.

Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage licenses issued since our last report:
James A. Austin and Miss Marietta M. Haley.
William A. Yontz and Miss Emeline Rowe.

Several of the ladies and gentlemen of our town have organized a Literary Club, which will meet every two weeks, on Friday nights. The first meeting of this society was held at Hon. H. D. McHenry's, last Friday night, and Mrs. W. F. Gregory and Miss Jennie Taylor were chosen editors of the next paper. The next meeting will be held at Hon. E. D. Walker's.

A Calico boy got hold of a newspaper the other day, which said that hot drinks were more cooling to the system than cool beverages. He emptied a handful of ground pepper into the coffee-pot, in order to test the experiment, and soon after breakfast he was heard confessing to his father his disbelief in domestic recipes of any kind whatever. The father used a barrel stave to aid his side of the argument.

The match game of base ball between the Cliques and Backstones, which came off at the Fair Grounds last Friday evening, resulted in the defeat of the latter. Owing to extra good batting, the score was exceedingly large, being 71 to 39, nevertheless the game was exciting and interesting. As each side has been victorious once, we hope another game will be called and thus test the championship.

Taylor Reunion.

The arrangements for this monster gathering have been completed, and if the weather is fair, the number in attendance will be fully as many as expected. There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee at Beaver Dam on Saturday next. Every member is expected to be present. The reunion will take place on September 9th, 1875.

Call and leave your orders with W. C. Chapman, (agt.) for fruit trees from the Greenville Nursery. Fruit trees adapted to the soil and climate at reduced rates. Also grape vines from Knott & Chapman's vineyard, the best variety in the State. n35-2m.

The Hartford brass band will make music on the occasion of the Taylor reunion. Having secured the services of Prof. Rowden, of Jeffersonville, Ind., he will be down to-morrow and will act as leader for the boys.

On Monday morning last, we were presented with a nice basket of grapes with compliments of Miss Julia Moseley. We return thanks to Miss Julia for this choice fruit, and assure her it was highly appreciated.

Dr. John E. Pendleton returned from a professional visit to Caneyville, Monday morning last, where he was summoned to amputate Mr. Rufus Beauchamp's leg.

The Hartford Police Judge is holding his criminal term this week. He began Monday morning and is still going on. Several law-breakers have come to grief.

Mr. E. F. Strother would be happy if he could meet the gentleman who invented base ball, in the woods, in possession of a double-barreled shot-gun. He thinks he would lessen his "score" in life.

When you visit Louisville, don't fail to stop at Ruffer's, Fifth street, between Main and Market. It is open day and night, and good rooms will be furnished at \$1.00 per day.

Miss Sue Murrell, of Morganfield, Union county, Ky., is visiting her brother, E. R. Murrell, of this place, where she will remain for several weeks.

The woman, Mrs. Leach, who succeeded in freeing herself from jail one night last week, has been recaptured and placed in her old quarters again.

Mr. John S. Vaughn started his new stage between this place and Beaver Dam last Monday. Passengers going over to the railroad should remember this.

Mr. D. E. Thomas, while playing base ball Saturday evening, was struck with the ball just below the eye, making quite an ugly place.

Mr. Harry Jarboe, while making a window frame one day last week, came very near cutting off one of his fingers.

We were remembered by Miss Lizzie Walker, Monday. She sent us quite a number of fine peaches. We return thanks to you, Miss Lizzie, and your kindness will long be remembered.

In making up our outside forms, we forgot to change the number. It should have been "thirty-five" instead of "thirty-four."

The sermons preached by Rev. Mr. Humphrey, Sunday morning and night, were full of eloquence and practical utility.

Sam Goodman still gets up the best dinner ever set before the hungry traveler in Kentucky, for which he charges only the nominal price of 50 cents. Always get off at Big Clifty for your dinner when you go to Louisville. You'll never regret it.

Ho! for the Exposition.

Round trip tickets to the Exposition at Louisville can be purchased at Beaver Dam for \$6.10, including the Exposition ticket, and are good to return on for ten days.

LETTER FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, KY., Aug. 31.
There was only one interesting item for the last paper, or we would have written, and, as it is still news, we will chronicle it.

QUINTES GETS HIS QUANTUM.
A game of base ball was being played between the Bricks and Stones, and as one Q. Berry happened to be a Brick, he first took the bat. But, alas! for him he was too soft a Brick, for Col. Stevens threw the ball too swift and hit the said striker in the pit of the stomach, which caused a piercing shriek, supplemented by groans like unto nothing we ever heard before. They laid him out to cool, (A SUBSTITUTE)

and put in his stead our friend Barnes, who caught the ball in his hand, held on to it, and made a home run. He was thinking of his "Duley Ann."

CAUGHT IT IN HIS TEETH.
Judge Blankenship then came to the front, missed the first ball about seventy-five feet, but the second one he caught in his mouth, and whether he swallowed it or not is not known. If he did, and it kills him, Mianewber will grieve over the death of another of his followers.

ADJOURNED.
The ball being lost they adjourned to play on September 9th, 1875.

ANOTHER GAME.

was played here last Saturday between the Grangers and Bricks. Both sides did good batting and run bases well, but the Bricks had the worst fielders, and were beaten a few scores, the final number I have not been informed of. They beat us, but they "can't do it again, ah!"

RATTLESNAKES PLENTIFUL.
Several large rattlesnakes have been killed recently. They are plentiful this year.

HOTEL IMPROVEMENTS.
Mr. W. H. Smith, of Louisville, was in town a few days last week. He contracted while here to have a spacious dining room and several upper rooms added to the hotel, transient custom having increased so much lately as to make this addition necessary.

A GREAT DEAL OF TRAVEL
is being done over the road since the fare has been reduced. The night trains have three full coaches all the time.

LOOKING FOR A BIG THING.
We notice a great many ladies in town trading, preparing, no doubt, for the Taylor Reunion. We expect fully five thousand to be in attendance, and would not be surprised at seeing double that number.

A CURIOUS SHEEP
A gentleman living near here has a sheep with all its feet like those of a mule. We will try and have it exhibited at the barbecue.

BARK, SHEEP AND CATTLE SHIPMENTS.
Messrs. Samuels & Barber have shipped several car-loads of bark recently.

Messrs. Gray, of Shelby, and Thompson, of Washington, counties, shipped and drove quite a number of sheep and cattle away last week.

Mr. Ben. Gray shipped two loads of fine sheep last night. Seven or eight cars of sheep and cattle will be shipped this week.

ONE GOOD EFFORT.
The weather is dry and dusty, too much so for croquet.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.
People are buying coal for coal weather. We expect winter to commence in about twenty days.

PERSONAL MENTION.
J. W. Cooper and wife, Oscar Stevens and Miss Ella Daniel, of Cromwell, were in town Sunday. Come again and remain longer. J. C. S.

OUR CANEVILLE LETTER.

CANEVILLE, KY., August 30.
SCHOOL COMMENCED.
Samuel N. Willis, whom J. Y. Tilford employed to teach our common school, commenced to-day, with a good number of pupils. He is a good teacher, and it is thought he will teach the best school we have had for some time.

VENUE, VIDI, VICI.
Misses Katie Bozarth and Eliza De-weese, of Mayo Park, have been in town for the last few days, but have left for home, taking with them the hearts of two of our dashing young dry-goods clerks.

APPOINTMENT.
D. S. Carroll was appointed constable, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of J. C. Milligan, by the court last Monday. A better selection could not have been made.

COME TO SHAPE, BUT WERE SHORN.

Ed. Thomas, Will. R. Haynes, and T. R. McBeath, three champion (?) croquet players of Leitchfield, came down last Tuesday (so they said) to beat the three best in Caneyville, but they did not carry off the laurels as they anticipated. But two games were played, one Tuesday evening, Caneyville gaining the honors by several bridges. The next one was played Wednesday morning, Leitchfield beating but by one stroke.

GOING TO BREEKINRIDGE.

Richard Fitzhugh, who owns the yellow race mare, left this place for Breckinridge county, Monday Aug. 23d, where he will run against the best horse in the county. He carried off the honors in nearly every race he run in this county, and could in every one, had he not run two "shams," the only two in which he was beaten.

NEARLY A FIRE.

There came near being a fire in town last Thursday. The kitchen part of the house which W. H. Brown's family occupies, took fire, and there being no one but Mrs. B. at home, no doubt the whole building would have consumed, had it not been for the timely arrival of some men who extinguished the fire in a few minutes.

A BRIDGE SCENE.

In spite of all indulgent mamma's can say or do, the boys and girls of Caneyville will indulge in those twilight strolls, and talk of the heavenly planets, snakes, frogs, tadpoles; but is this all? One would think not, had he been under the north end of the bridge last Thursday evening about eight o'clock, and heard the following: "Darling, I will throw you over this bridge and drown you," at the same time embracing her in his arms when she gently murmured, "Oh! quit, Jim; you will spoil my bonnet."

OFF FOR THE CAVES.

A company of gentlemen of this place will visit the Mammoth and Grand Avenue caves in October. J. N. Eskridge, H. Layman, and G. E. Porter are three of those who have announced their intention to go. ROMEO PINKSTAFF.

HARTFORD RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by Wm. H. Williams.
HARTFORD, KY., Sept. 1, 1875.

Apples, drel, 3 bush.....\$ 1.50 @ 1.75
Apples, green, 3 bush.....50 @ 75
Bacon, (sides) 3 lb.....15 @ 16
" (hams) 3 lb.....15 @ 16
Beans 3 bush.....1.25 @ 1.50
Brooms, 3 doz.....3.50 @ 4.00
Butter, 3 lb.....15 @ 20
Candles, 3 lb.....25 @ 30
Coffee, 3 lb.....25 @ 28
Cheese, 3 lb.....25 @ 28
Crackers, 3 lb.....15 @ 25
Coal oil, 3 gallon.....3.00 @ 3.36
Chickens, 3 doz.....1.50 @ 1.75
Corn, 3 barrel.....3.00 @ nominal
Eggs, 3 doz.....86 @ 10
Flour, 3 barrel.....6.00 @ 7.00
Honey, 3 lb.....4.00 @ 4.4
Hay, 3 100 lb.....75 @ 80
Hides, green, salted, 3 lb.....5 @ 6
Hides, dried flat, 3 lb.....10 @ 12
Lard, 3 lb.....18 @ 20
Lard oil, 3 gallon.....2.00 @ 2.50
Lime, 3 barrel.....1.25 @ 1.50
Meal, unbolted, 3 bush.....75 @ 1.00
Molasses, 3 gallon.....1.50 @ 2.00
Mackerel, 3 kit.....1.50 @ 2.00
Mackerel, 3 barrel.....8.50 @ 10.00
Nails, 3 keg, 10 lb.....4.25 @ 5.50
Oysters, 3 barrel.....1.25 @ 2.00
Onions, 3 barrel.....3.00 @ 3.80
Peaches, dried, 3 bush.....1.50 @ 1.75
Rice, 3 lb.....12 @ 15
Salt, 3 barrel.....2.50 @ 3.00
Sugar, N. O. 3 lb.....10 @ 12
Sugar, C. 3 lb.....12 @ 14
Sorghum, crushed, 3 lb.....5 @ 6
Soap, 3 lb.....5 @ 6
Starch, 3 lb.....10 @ 12
Soda, 3 lb.....10 @ 12
Tallow, 3 lb.....6 @ 8
Tar, 3 gallon.....50 @ 60
Teas, 3 lb.....1.50 @ 2.00
Tobacco, manuf'd, 3 lb.....75 @ 1.50

New Goods! New Goods!

FOR
L. ROSENBERG & BRO.
Mammoth
SPRING AND SUMMER
STOCK!

Every department in our stock is full and our prices are down to the

Lowest Notch!

We are confident that no other house will do as well by us as ours. We respectfully solicit an examination of our

GOODS AND PRICES

before making your spring purchases, believing that it will pay you to do so. no 15t

L. J. LYON.
Dealer in
Groceries and Confectioneries.
HARTFORD, KY.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
I will also pay the highest cash price for hides, sheep pelts, eggs, butter, bacon, potatoes, beans, etc. no 1y

WM. HARDWICK, A. T. NALL.
HARDWICK & NALL,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS
BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE, &c.

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market price. no 1y

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

Exact Size of Our \$15 Watches

Gent's Silver Hunting Key winding Lever Watch \$15. Gent's Silver Hunting Stem-winding Lever watch, \$25. Ladies' Gold Hunting Key-winding Lever Watch, \$50. Ladies' Gold Hunting Stem-winding Lever Watch, \$70. Gent's Gold Hunting Stem-winding Lever Watch, \$65. Gent's Gold Hunting Stem-winding Lever Watch \$70.

Either of the above Watches sent by mail at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents for postage, or by express, with bill to collect price on delivery of watch, subject to examination and approval, if desired, before paying. All our watches are warranted either solid gold or solid silver, and sent safely by post-office money order, registered letter or by express. We have also a very fine assortment of solid gold and silver chains, which we are offering at equally low prices. We ask special attention to our fifteen dollar silver watches, believing them superior to any watch at like price ever sold in this country.

If you want a Good Watch at a Low Price send for our new illustrated Price List of Gold and Silver Watches which shows sizes and prices of about fifty different styles. We send it free to any address.

C. P. BARNES & BRO., Jewelers,
(by Mail, Main st. bt. 6th & 7th Louisville, Ky.)

FIRST New Goods

OF THE
SEASON,
WM. H. WILLIAMS,
HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizen of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily,
THE LATEST NOVELTIES
IN
DRY GOODS,
Gents' and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and
FANCY GROCERIES,
Also dealer in
Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits." no 1y

SETH THOMAS
CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks securely packed and sent to any address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or express.

C. P. BARNES & BRO.,
Jewelers, Main st., bt. 6th & 7th



AGRICULTURAL.

The Right Way to Kill Trees.

The most of the nourishment of our trees is derived from the soil by means of the system of roots. There are plants which can exist solely in the air, deriving all their nourishment from the air by means of their leaves. In tropical regions this class of plants is very numerous, very many of the orchid family being of this habit. These plants have no roots proper, but what are regarded as roots are merely means of attachment to the bark of trees and stones and other objects. Still another class of plants are true parasites; these have what answer to roots, which penetrate within the bark of other plants and draw their nourishment from the juices elaborated by the organs of those other plants. But these are divided into two classes: Those that have green foliage, by means of which the stolen sap is further elaborated and undergoes certain changes, and those whose foliage is not green and perhaps live wholly off the sap sucked from the nurse-plants.

But in the case of by far the greater part of plants and nearly all of those familiar to us, the roots are necessary to the life of the plant. Destroy these and the plant dies, root and branch. This is the principle on which we proceed when we root up noxious weeds. But in the case of trees this process of uprooting is impracticable. Can the roots of a tree be killed without being uprooted?

Let us examine the process of the growth of plants and the nourishment of the roots. It is a fact that the roots of trees require constant nourishment—they grow as tree grows. The nourishment and growth of the roots come from the same organs as the growth and nourishment of the stem, viz.: from the leaves. If, then, you prevent the nourishment of the roots you kill them. It can be demonstrated that the material of the growth of trees come from the leaves, descending, usually, between the bark and the wood. During the season of greatest growth this descending sap becoming organized into vegetable tissue, forms that mucilaginous coat by means of which the bark is readily separated from the wood. A portion of this new tissue forms a new layer or growth of wood, of which one is formed each growing season or year. Another portion goes to form a new layer of bark to keep the proper thickness of that substance.

If a wire be made tight around a limb or the trunk of a tree, as the tree increases in size it will be observed that it will girdle out more below than above the wires. If any twig, which has leaves upon it, is cut off in the growing season, just below a leaf, if no sprout is allowed to grow, it will perish down to the next leaf. If a cut be made through the bark into the wood, if it heals up, it will be noticed that the new wood will form above and not below the cut. The circulation upward is in the pores of the wood; this is the crude sap going up towards the leaves: this crude material is elaborated in the leaves and green parts of plants; and then, in a condition to form vegetable tissue, descends, in the case of trees having bark, between the bark and the wood.

To kill the roots of trees, this nourishment must not be allowed to reach them. If the bark and a portion of the wood be cut through entirely around the trunk, it will generally kill the trunk of the tree, but may not kill the roots, because these, having a store of nourishment laid up, may throw up shoots, and by these unfolding leaves the life of the root is maintained. But if it can be so managed that the rising sap shall not be interfered with during an entire season, and the descending sap prevented reaching the roots to nourishing them, the tree was continued to grow a season, making its usual demands upon the roots, thereby exhausting them, without their having means of being nourished, and the result will generally be that the whole tree will perish, root and branch, the following year.

Care must be taken to allow no suckers to grow from the roots; if any make their appearance, they must be destroyed early or the plan will be defeated. The right time to girdle trees to accomplish the desired object of killing them to the roots is in the spring of the year, just before the growth commences, or soon after. The girdling must be complete so far as the bark is concerned. Indeed it is better to

scrape the soft, white filaments of bark off with a knife, so as to be sure that no means remain for the sap to descend, as will be the case if care be not taken. For it not unusually happens that the bark is not all removed when trees are girdled. It is easy for the thin, mucilaginous coat to escape a carelessness of removal. The coarse, rough bark has no relation to the circulation of the sap of the tree. It is the soft coat next the wood. And it is often the case when a valuable young fruit tree has been barked by a horse, or maliciously by a person, that there remains all that the life of the tree requires in the filamentous, mucilaginous coat, if it is only prevented from dying up from exposure to sun and wind. This may generally be done by wrapping the part with a cloth saturated with grafting wax, if it is attended to in time. A coating of fresh cow-dung applied and wrapped with heavy cloth will do quite well in most cases.

In the case of girdling trees for the object referred to, to kill the roots as well as stem, not only must care be taken to remove all of the bark, but at the same time too broad a band of bark must not be removed or the wood will season and the ascending sap will be stopped, thus killing the tree above but not the roots. No rule can be given which will meet all cases. In the case of some trees to remove the bark for the space of an inch would be sufficient, but for some trees it would not be sufficient, because the descending sap will, in some instances, be diverted to the wood, and will descend through it. This is the case with the dogwood, persimmon, and others. It will, therefore, always be safe to cut the wood to some extent carefully all around. In the case of the silver poplar, often a troublesome tree on account of suckering, it will be necessary to cut the wood to the depth of half an inch or more. In all cases the band barked of bark must not be sufficient to allow the wood to season. The willow, on account of its soft, porous wood, will not readily season, and if the wood is not cut, the bark should be peeled off for a considerable distance.—*Cor. Indiana Farmer.*

Preserving Wheat in the Shock.

The great loss of wheat from germination during the unprecedented wet weather of the past month brings the subject of its preservation after it is cut into prominent notice; and although a discussion of the subject now may not help to save the present crop, it may do some good in the future. The only object in shocking wheat is to preserve it from getting wet during the dry process which it must undergo previous to being hauled into the barn or put in stack. But the manner in which much of the wheat is shocked would lead us to conclude that the only object was to get into bunches more convenient for loading. If there was no danger of rain, this would be the object principally, and the loose, spreading, uncouth bunches we so often see would answer the purposes. Wheat properly shocked will stand a great deal of rain, for a long time, too, without much injury. This has been demonstrated the present harvest. An intelligent farmer from the southern part of the State, where they have suffered most severely from wet weather, told us that well-shocked grain he had examined was not growing—except the caps—while the adjoining field was ruined, perhaps, by careless shocking.

What is usually bound in sheaves too large to shock well, and a good shock cannot be made with loosely bound sheaves. If the sheaves are made small, and tight bound, they shock better and keep out the water better, and if they get wet they will dry out more readily than large sheaves. Every farmer almost knows how to shock wheat well enough, perhaps, but they do not always do it well, very often this most particular part of the work is entrusted to boys or help, whose only object is to get it done the easiest way.

Early-cut wheat will stand more exposure to wet weather than that cut later, for germination cannot commence until the grain is mature, and wet weather delays the process of maturation, so that in many instances early-cut wheat, well shocked, has passed through an extended wet spell before it matured and came out wholly uninjured.

Germination requires a certain amount of both heat and moisture at the same time, and the efforts of the farmer should be directed toward preventing a union of these conditions. When damp, foggy, hot weather occurs, wheat will sprout in the shock sometimes when it would not if opened out. At such times the air is saturated with moisture, and it seems to penetrate everywhere. Mildew will gather on clothing, books, etc., in ill-ventilated rooms. When such weather prevails, the shocking of wheat fails to

protect it from the moisture, while it is favorable to the product of heat, and the two conditions necessary to germinating the grain are present in the shock.

A very small portion of sprouted wheat spoils the "grist," as the starch, the most important material for bread-making purposes, is converted into sugar. Hence, the caps and sprouted portions should be separated as well as possible from the part not sprouted. In many cases the caps-sheaves will be all that contain germinated grains, and these should be thrown off and gathered in by themselves. Sprouted wheat makes good food for stock, and where the quantity is not too great, it can be threshed with oats or rye which the farmer intends to feed to his own animals.—*Ohio Farmer.*

The Corn Crop.

That the United States are to have this year an abundant crop of corn, all reports agree. An increased average of eight per cent. has been planted, and the crop (although backward in the spring) is now getting on finely, and promises a good yield. The cautious Agricultural Department reports for July indicates almost an average yield of corn, and since the date on which that report is based were collected, the conditions in nearly all parts of the country have been extremely favorable for increasing the yield. With cheap and abundant food, the facilities for fattening beef and pork will be increased, thus giving cheap provisions. We may, therefore, anticipate an abundant stock for the coming season, and in addition to breadstuffs, can consequently spare large quantities of pork, beef, lard, butter, cheese, and other similar articles for our customers in Europe, and thus equalize the changes, which will go further towards improving the finances than all the pet notions of the fancy financiers.—*Nashville Democrat.*

Submerged Corn.

A renter named Smith, who had a hundred acres submerged in Upper Bayou, yesterday took a skiff and went out to where the water had been standing for more than a week, four or five feet deep. Mr. Smith pulled out two ears of corn—average ears, just maturing—and brought them to the city, and placed them on exhibition, and to the astonishment of the examiners of the corn, it was discovered to be perfectly sound. The probabilities are that one half of the crop will be saved where the water has not covered or reached the ear. There are probably thousands of acres along the river bottoms similarly situated, and this fact, in the midst of general discouragement, is certainly a hopeful sign.—*Evansville Courier.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Valuable Recipes.
APPLE TEA.—Four boiling water over roasted sour apples, and let them stand until the water is cold; this is a very palatable drink for invalids.
CREAM SPONGE.—Break one egg in a teacup, fill up the cup with sweet or sour cream; one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one spoonful cream tartar, and one-half spoonful of soda.

RICH ICE CREAM.—Take twelve lemons; squeeze well, and strain their juice upon as much fine sugar as will absorb the juice, then into this pour, very slowly, yet stirring very fast all the time, three quarts cream.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Beat tart well-flavored apples and stew until soft, then run through a colander; add to each pie one-third of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar and three well-beaten eggs. Flavor with nutmeg and bake as a custard pie.

HICKORYNUT CAKE.—Take one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, three-fourths cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of hickorynut meats, two eggs, or the whites of four, one teaspoonful cream tartar, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda.

RICE MUFFINS.—Take one-half cup of rice, boiled soft; add to this three spoonfuls of sugar, a bit of butter the size of an egg, one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of yeast, two quarts of flour and a pinch of salt; let it rise over night, if necessary; add in the morning a little soda.

SALT RISING FOR BREAD.—Take three tablespoonfuls of shorts or flour one pinch (between thumb and forefinger) each sugar, salt, soda and ginger; mix with hot water to a thick batter, set over night and keep warm. This is called pinch yeast. Take of these two teaspoonfuls to one quart of batter mixed in the usual way, and set to rise; when risen, mix your dough and work it well.

TO PRESERVE CITRONS.—Pare and cut in small slices, not exceeding a quarter of an inch in thickness; remove all the seeds, weigh, and then put them in alum water for two or three

hours; then pour the alum water off, and boil in alum water for two or three hours; then pour the alum water off, and boil in clear water until you can pierce them with a straw. Then make a syrup, allowing three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of citron; place your citron in this syrup, and cook same as you do any other preserves. Just before taking from the stove, slice two or three lemons (according to the quantity of preserves you have); let them cook a minute longer, and they are ready for use or to put away. If cooked to strong, the preserves will become candied after awhile.

(Continued from first page.)

"To the traitors! that means us!" said the prisoner, raising his eyes to heaven and shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, it means us," repeated John. "Where is Craeke?"

"At the door of your cell, I suppose." "Let him enter then."

John opened the door; the faithful servant was waiting on the threshold. "Come in, Craeke, and mind well what my brother will tell you."

"No, John; it will not suffice to send a verbal message; unfortunately I shall be obliged to write."

"And why that?" "Because Van Baerle will neither give up the parcel, nor burn it, without a special command to do so."

"But will you be able to write, poor old fellow?" John asked, with a look on the scorched and bruised hands of the unfortunate sufferer.

"If I had pen and ink you would soon see," said Cornelius.

"Here is a pencil, at any rate." "Have you any paper? for they have left me nothing."

"Here, take this Bible, and tear out the fly leaf."

"Very well, that will do." "But your writing will be illegible."

"Just leave me alone for that," said Cornelius. "The executioners have indeed pinched me badly enough, but my hand will not tremble once in tracing the few lines which are requisite."

And, really, Cornelius took the pencil and began to write, when through the white linen bandages drops of blood oozed out, which the pressure of the finger against the pencil squeezed from the raw flesh.

A cold sweat stood on the brow of the Grand Pensionary.

Cornelius wrote— "My Dear Godson,

"Burn the parcel which I have entrusted to you. Burn it without looking at it, and without opening it, so that its contents may forever remain unknown to yourself. Secrets of this description are death to those with whom they are deposited. Burn it and you will have saved John and Cornelius De Witte."

Farwell, and love me. "CORNELIUS DE WITTE."

"August 20th, 1672."

John, with tears in his eyes, wiped off a drop of the noble blood which had soiled the leaf; and, after having handed the dispatch to Craeke with a last direction, returned to Cornelius, who seemed overcome by intense pain, and near fainting.

"Now," said he, "when honest Craeke sounds his old coxswain's whistle, it will be a signal of his being clear of the crowd and of his having reached the other side of the pond. And then it will be our turn to depart."

Five minutes had not elapsed, before a long and shrill whistle was heard through the din and noise of the square of the Butenhot.

John gratefully raised his eyes to heaven.

"And now," said he, "let us off, Cornelius."

(Continued next week.)

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